



JUSTICE WOODCOCK, and ROSSETTA.

Love in a Village ;

A

COMIC OPERA.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE

AND

COVENT-GARDEN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for and Sold by the Booksellers in Town and
Country.



T O

Mr. B E A R D.

S I R.

IT is with great pleasure I embrace this opportunity to acknowledge the favours have received from you, Among others, I would mention in particular, the warmth with which you espoused this piece in its passage to the stage ; but I am afraid it would be thought a compliment to your good nature, too much at the expence of your judgment.

If what I now venture to lay before the public is considered merely as a piece of dramatic writing, it will certainly be found to have very little merit : in that light no one can think more indifferently of it than I do myself ; but I believe I may venture to assert, on your opinion, that some of the songs are tolerable ; that the music is more pleasing than has hitherto appeared in compositions of this kind ; and the words better adapted, considering the nature of the airs, which are not common ballads, than could be expected, supposing any degree of poetry to be preserved in the versification.

More than this few people expect in an Opera ; and if some of the severer critics should be inclined to blame your indulgence to one of the first attempts of a young writer, I am persuaded the public in general will ap-

vi DEDICATION.

plaud your endeavour to provide them with something new, in a species of entertainment in which the performers at your Theatre so eminently excel.

You may perceive, Sir, that I yield a punctual observance to the injunctions you laid upon me, when I threatened you with this address, and make it rather a preface than a dedication; and yet I must confess I can hardly reconcile those formalities which render it indelicate to pay praises where all the world allows them to be due; nor can I easily conceive why a man should be so studious to deserve what he does not desire; but since you will not allow me to offer any panegyric to you, I must hasten to bestow one upon myself, and let the public know (which was my chief design in this introduction) that I have the happiness to be,

S I R,

Your most obliged,

and most obedient servant,

The AUTHOR.

4 DE 60

Persons of the Drama.

At Drury-Lane Theatre.

<i>Sir William Meadows,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
<i>Young Meadows,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
<i>Justice Woodcock,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Waldron.</i>
<i>Hawthorn,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Chapman.</i>
<i>Eustace,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
<i>Hodge,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Moody.</i>
<i>Rossetta,</i>	-	-	<i>Miss George.</i>
<i>Lucinda</i>	-	-	<i>Miss Wheeler.</i>
<i>Mrs. Deborah Woodcock,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Love.</i>
<i>Margery,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Wrighten.</i>

At Covent-Garden Theatre.

<i>Sir William Meadows,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Fearon.</i>
<i>Young Meadows,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Brett.</i>
<i>Justice Woodcock,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
<i>Hawthorn,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Reintold.</i>
<i>Eustace,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Davies.</i>
<i>Hodge,</i>	-	-	<i>Mr. Doyle.</i>
<i>Rossetta</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Johnston.</i>
<i>Lucinda,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Moreton.</i>
<i>Mrs. Deborah Woodcock</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Pitt.</i>
<i>Margery,</i>	-	-	<i>Mrs. Wilson.</i>

Country Men and Women, Servants, &c.

SCENE, A VILLAGE.



Love in a Village.

A C T. I.

SCENE, *A garden with statues, fountains, and flower-pots. Several arbours appear in the side scenes: Rossetta and Lucinda are discovered at work, seated upon two garden chairs.*

A I R I.

Rossetta. *H* O P E! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweetest, that ne'er can cloy:

Lucinda *H* ope! thou earnest of delights
Sickest scother of the mind;
But y cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:

Both *K*ind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

Luc. Heigho—Rossetta?

Ros. Well, child, what do you say?

Luc. 'Tis a devilish thing to live in a village an hundred miles from the capital, with a preposterous gouty father, and a superannuated maiden aunt—I am heartily sick of my situation.

Ros. And with reason—But 'tis in a great measure your own fault: here is this Mr. *Eustace*, a man of character and family; he likes you, you like him; you know one another's minds, and yet you will not resolve to make yourself happy with him,

A I R II.

*Whence can you inherit
So slavish a spirit?*

Conf. 1. d

Confin'd thus and chain'd to a log!

Now fondled, now chid,

Permitted, forbid;

'Tis leading the life of a dog.

For shame, you a lover!

More firmness discover;

Take courage, nor here longer mope;

Resist and be free,

Run riot like me,

And, to perfect the picture, escape.

Luc. And this is your advice?

Ref. Positively.

Luc. Here's my hand; positively I'll follow it——I have already sent to my gentleman, who is now in the country, to let him know he may come hither this day; we will make use of the opportunity to settle all preliminaries——And then——But take notice, whenever we decamp, you march off along with us.

Ref. Oh! madam, your servant; I have no inclination to be left behind, I assure you——But you say you got acquainted with this spark, while you were with your mother during her last illness at *Barb*, so that your father has never seen him?

Luc. Never in his life, my dear; and I am confident he entertains not the least suspicion of my having any such connection; my aunt, indeed, has her doubts and surmises; but, besides that my father will not allow any one to be wiser than himself, it is an established maxim between these affectionate relations, never to agree in any thing.

Ref. Except being absurd; you must allow they sympathize perfectly in that——But now we are on the subject, I desire to know what I am to do with this wicked old justice of peace, this libidinous father of yours? He follows me about the house like a tame goat.

Luc. Nay, I'll assure you he has been a wag in his time——you must have a care of yourself.

Ref. Wretched me! to fall in such hands, who have been just forced to run away from my parents to avoid an odious marriage——You smile at that now; and I know you think me whimsical, as you have often told me; but you must excuse my being a little over delicate in this particular.

A I R III.

*My heart's my own, my will is free,
And so shall be my voice;
No mortal man shall need with me,
Till first he's made my choice.*

*Let parents rule, cry nature's law;
And children still obey;
And is there then no saving clause,
Against tyrannic sway?*

Luc. Well, but my dear mad girl——

Ref. *Luinda*, don't talk to me—Was your father to go to London, meet there by accident with an old fellow as wrong headed as himself; and in a fit of absurd friendship agree to marry you to that old fellow's son, whom you had never seen, without consulting your inclinations, or allowing you a negative, in case he should not prove agreeable——

Luc. Why, I should think it a little hard, I confess—yet, when I see you in the character of a chamber-maid——

Ref. It is the only character, my dear, in which I could hope to lie concealed; and I can tell you I was reduced to the last extremity, when, in consequence of our old boarding school friendship, I applied to you to receive me in this capacity; for we expected the parties the very next week?

Luc. But had not you a message from your intended spouse, to let you know he was as little inclined to such ill-concerted nuptials as you were?

Ref. More than so; he wrote to advise me, by all means, to contrive some method of breaking them off, for he had rather return to his dear studies at Oxford and after that, what hopes could I have of being happy with him?

Luc. Then you are not at all uneasy at the strange rout you must have occasioned at home? I warrant, during this month that you have been absent——

Ref. Oh! don't mention it, my dear; I have had so many admirers since I commenced *Abigail*, that I am quite charmed with my situation—But hold, who stalks yonder in the yard, that the dogs are so glad to see?

Luc. Daddy Hawthorn, as I live! He is come to pay
my

my father a visit; and never more luckily, for he always forces him abroad. By the way, what will you do with yourself while I step into the house to see after my trusty messenger, *Hodge*?

Ros. No matter, I'll sit down in that arbour and listen to the singing of the birds; you know I am fond of melancholy amusements.

Luc. So it seems, indeed; sure, *Rosetta*, none of your admirers have power to touch your heart; you are not in love, I hope?

Ros. In love! that's pleasant; who do you suppose I should be in love with, pray?

Luc. Why, let me see—What do you think of *Thomas*, our gardener? There he is, at the other end of the walk—He's a pretty young man, and the servants say he's always writing verses on you.

Ros. Indeed, *Lucinda*, you are very silly.

Luc. Indeed, *Rosetta*, that blush makes you look very handsome.

Ros. Blush! I am sure I don't blush!

Luc. Ha, ha, ha!

Ros. Pshaw, *Lucinda*, how can you be so ridiculous?

Luc. Well, don't be angry, and I have done—But suppose you did like him, how could you help yourself?

A I R IV.

*When once Love's subtle poison gains
A passage to the female breast,
Like lightning rushing through the veins,
Each wish, and, and ev'ry thought possess.
To heal the pangs our minds enure,
Reason in vain its skill applies,
Nought can afford the heart a cure
But what is pleasing to the eye.*

Enter Young Meadows.

Y. Mead. Let me see—on the fifteenth of *June*, at half an hour past five in the morning [taking out a pocket book] I left my father's house, unknown to any one, having made free with a coat and jacket of our gardener's, which suited me, by way of a disguise;—so says my pocket book; and chance directing me to this village, on the twentieth of the same month I procured a recommendation

meadation to the worshipful Justice *Woodcock*, to be the superintendant of his pumpkins and cabbages, because I would let my father see I chose to run any lengths rather than submit to what his obstinacy would have forced me, a marriage against my inclination, with a woman I never saw. [*Puts up the book and takes a watering-pot.*] Here I have been three weeks, and in that time I am as much altered as if I had changed my nature with my habit. 'Sdeath, to fall in love with a chamber maid! And yet, if I could forget that I am the son and heir of Sir *William Meadows*——But that's impossible.

A I R V.

O! bad I been by fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
I fair *Rossetta's* sight to feed
My sheep upon the plain;
What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er must know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low.

Hah! who was it I had a glimpse of as I pass'd by that arbour! Was it not she sat reading there! The trembling of my heart tells me my eyes were not mistaken. Here she comes.

Young *Meadows*, *Rossetta*.

Ros. Luinda was certainly in the right of it, and yet I blush to own my weakness even to myself——Marry hang the fellow for not being a gentleman.

Y. Mead. I am determin'd I won't speak to her [*turning to a rose tree and plucking the flowers.*] Now or never is the time to conquer myself; besides I have some reason to believe the girl hath no aversion to me; and, as I wish not to do her an injury, it would be cruel to fill her head with notions of what can never happen [*burns a tuft.*] Pshaw! rot these roses how they prick one's fingers!

Ros. He takes no notice of me; but so much the better, I'll be as indifferent as he is. I am sure the poor lad likes me; and if I was to give him any encouragement, I suppose the next thing he talk'd of, would be buying a ring, and being asked in church——Oh dear pride, I thank you for that thought.

Y. Mead.

T. Mead. Hah, going without a word! a look! I can't bear that—*Mrs. Rossetta*, I am gathering a few roses here, if you please to take them in with you.

Ros. Thank you, *Mr. Thomas*, but all my lady's flower pots are full.

T. Mead. Will you accept of them yourself, then? [*catching hold of her.*] What's the matter, you look as if you were angry with me.

Ros. Pray let go my hand.

T. Mead. Nay, pr'ythee, why is this; you shan't go, I have something to say to you.

Ros. Well, but I must go, I will go; I desire *Mr. Thomas*———

A I R VI.

*Gentle youth, ah, tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly;
Cease, ah! cease to persevere,
Speak not what I must not hear;
To my heart its ease restore,
Go, and never see me more.*

T. Mead. This girl is a riddle—That she loves me, I think there is no room to doubt; she takes a thousand opportunities to let me see it. and yet when I speak to her, she will hardly give me an answer; and if I attempt the smallest familiarity, is gone in an instant. I feel my passion for her grow every day more and more violent—Well, would I marry her? would I make a mistress of her if I could? Two things called prudence and honour, forbid either. What am I pursuing, then? A shadow. Sore my evil genius laid this snare in the way. However, there is one comfort, it is in my power to fly from it; if so, why do I hesitate? I am distracted, unable to determine any thing.

A I R VII.

*Still in hopes to get the better
Of my stubborn flame I try;
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deny.
Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her.
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Boast my freedom, fly to meet her,
And confess my self a slave.*

B

SCENE.

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SCENE, *A hall in Justice Woodcock's house. Enter Hawthorn with a fowling-piece in his hand, and a net with birds at his girdle: and afterwards Justice Woodcock.*

A I R VIII.

*There was a jolly miller once,
Liv'd on the River Dee;
He work'd and sung from morn to night,
No lark more blythe than he:
And this the burthen of his song,
For ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me.*

House here, house! what, all a gadding? all abroad?
House I say! hilli ho ho!

J. Woodc. Here's a noise, here's a racket! *William, Robert, Hodge!* why does not somebody answer? Odds my life! I believe the fellows have lost their hearing! [*Entering*] Oh, master *Hawthorn!* I guessed it was some such madcap—Are you there?

Hawth. Am I here? Yes: and if you had been where I was three hours ago, you would find the good effects of it by this time: but you have got the lazy unwholesome London fashion of lying a-bed in the morning, and there's gout for you—Why, Sir, I have not been in bed five minutes after sun-rise these thirty years, am generally up before it; and I never took a dose of physic but once in my life, and that was in compliment to a cousin of mine, an apothecary, that had just set up business.

J. Woodc. Well, but master *Hawthorn*, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter; for I say sleep is necessary for a man; ay, and I'll maintain it.

Hawth. What, when I maintain to the contrary?—Look you, neighbour *Woodcock*; you are a rich man, a man of worship, a justice of the peace, and all that; but learn to know the respect that is due to the sound from the infirm; and allow me that superiority a good constitution gives me over you—Health is the greatest of all possessions; and 'tis a maxim with me, that an hale cobbler is better than a sick king.

J. Woodc. Well, well, you are a sportsman.

Hawth. And so would you too, if you would take my
advice

advice. A sportsman! why there is nothing like it; I would not exchange the satisfaction I feel while I am beating the lawns and thickets about my little farm, for all the entertainments and pageantry in *Christendom*.

A I R IX.

*Let gay on's and great
Make the most of the r fate;
From pleasure to pleasure they run:
Well, who cares a jot,
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.*

*For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With spirits unclouded and light:
The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.*

Justice Woodcock, Hawthorn, Hodge.

Hodge, Did your worship call, sir?

J. Woodc. Call, sir? where have you and the rest of these rascals been? but I suppose I need not ask—You must know there is a statute, a fair for hiring servants, held upon my green to-day; we have it usually at this season of the year, and it never fails to put all the folks hereabout out of their senses.

Hodge. Lord, your honour, look out, and see what a nice show they make yonder: they had got pipers and fiddlers, and were dancing as I came along, for dear life—I never saw such a mortal throng in our village in all my born days again.

Hawth. Why I like this now, this is as it should be.

J. Woodc. No, no, 'tis a foolish piece of business; good for nothing but to promote idleness and the getting of bastards; but I shall take measures for preventing it another year, and I doubt whether I am not sufficiently authorised already; for by an act passed *Anno undecimo Caroli primii*, which impowers a justice of the peace, who is lord of the manor ———

Hawth. Come, come, never mind the act; let me tell you this is very proper, a very useful meeting; I want a servant or two myself, I must go see what your

market affords;—and you shall go, and the girls, my little *Lucy*, and the other young rogue, and we'll make a day on't as well as the rest.

J. Woodc. I wish, master *Hawthorn*, I could teach you to be a little more sedate: why won't you take pattern by me, and consider your dignity!—Odds heart, I don't wonder you are not a rich man; you laugh too much ever to be rich.

Hawth. Right, neighbour *Woodcock*! health, good-humour, and competence, is my motto: and if my executors have a mind, they are welcome to make it my epitaph.

A I R X.

*The honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
From fraud, disguise, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning frown,
Nor court the harlot's smile.*

*The greatest things that would make us grave
It is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have?
The cheerful man's a king.*

Lucinda, Hodge.

Luc. Hift, hift, *Hodge*!

Hodge. Who calls? here am I.

Luc. Well, have you been?

Hodge. Been, ay I ha' been far enough, an that be all: you never knew any thing fall out so crossly in your born days.

Luc. Why, what's the matter?

Hodge. Why you know, I dare not take a horse out of his worship's stables this morning, for fear it should be missed, and breed questions; and our old nag at home was so cruelly beat i'th' hoofs, that, poor beast, it had not a foot to set to ground;—so I was fain to go to farmer *Ploughshare's* at the *Grange*, to borrow the loan of his bald filly: and would you think it! after walking all that way—de'el from me, if the cross grained toad did not deny me the favour.

Luc. Unlucky!

Hodge. Well, then I went my ways to the *King's Head* in the village, but all their cattle was at plough: and

and I was as far to seek belcw at the turnpike : so at last, for want of a better, I was forced to take up with dame *Quatser's* blind mare.

Luc. Oh, then you have been ?

Ho ge. Yes, yes, I ha' been ?

Luc. Psha ! Why did you not say so at once ?

Hodge. Ay, but I have had a main tiresome jaunt on't for she is a sorry jade at best,

Luc. Well, well, did you see Mr. *Eustace*, and what did he say to you ?—Come, quick—have you e'er a letter ?

Hodge. Yes, he gave me a letter, if I ha'na lost it.

Luc. Lost it, man !

Hodge. Nay, nay, have a bit of patience : adwawnr, you are always in such a hurry [*rummaging his pockets.*] I put it somewhere in this waistcoat pocket. Oh here it is.

Luc. So, give it me [*reads the letter to herself.*]

Hodge. Lord a mercy ! how my arms achs with beating that plaguy beast ; I'll be hang'd if I won'na rather ha' thrash'd half a day, than ha' ridden her.

Luc. Well, *Hodge*, you have done your business very well.

Hodge. Well, have not I now ?

Luc. Yes—Mr. *Eustace* tells me in this letter, that he will be in the green lane, at the other end of the village by twelve o'clock—You know where he came before.

Hodge. Ay, ay.

Luc. Well, you must go there, and wait till he arrives, and watch your opportunity to introduce him across the fields, into the little summer-house, on the left side of the garden.

Hodge. That's enough.

Luc. But take particular care that nobody see you.

Hodge. I warrant you.

Luc. Not for your life drop a word of it to any mortal.

Hodge. Never fear me.

Luc. And, *Hodge*.——

A I R XI.

Hodge. Well, well, say no more ;

Sure you told me before ;

I see the full length of my tether ;

Do you think I'm a fool,

That I need go to school ?

I can spell you and put you tog ther.

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*A word to the wife
Will always suffice ;
Add sniggers ! go talk to your parrot ;
I'm not such an elf,
Though I say it myself,
But I know a sheep's head from a carrot.*

Lucinda.

How severe is my case ! Here am I obliged to carry on a clandestine correspondence with a man in all respects my equal, because the oddity of my father's temper is such, that I dare not tell him I have ever yet seen the person I should like to marry——But perhaps he has quality in his eye, and hopes, one day or other, as I am his only child, to match me with a title——vain imagination.

A I R XII.

*Cupid, god of soft persuasion.
Take the helpless lover's part ;
Seize, oh seize some kind occasion,
To reward a faithful heart.*

*Justly those we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthrall ;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Those who would enslave the mind.*

*What is grandeur ? foe to rest ;
Childish mumuery at best ;
Happy I in humble state ;
Catch, ye fools, the glittering bait.*

SCENE, *A field with a stile.* Enter Hodge, followed by Margery ; and in some time after enters Young Meadows.

Hodge. What does the wench follow me for ? Odds flesh, folk may well talk, to see you dangling after me every where like a tantony pig ; find some other road, can't you, and don't keep wherretting me with your nonsense.

Marg. Nay, pray you Hodge, stay, and let me speak to you a bit.

Hodge. Well, what sayn you.

Marg. Dear heart, how can you be so barbarous ?
and

and is this the way you serve me after all; and won't you keep your word, *Hodge*?

Hodge. Why no, I won't, I tell you; I have chang'd my mind.

Marg. Nay, but surely, surely——Consider *Hodge*, you are obligated in conscience to make me an honest woman.

Hodge. Obligated in conscience? How am I obligated?

Marg. Because you are: and none but the basest of rogues would bring a poor girl to shame, and afterwards leave her to the wide world.

Hodge. Bring you to shame! Don't make me speak, *Madge*, don't make me speak.

Marg. Yes, do, speak your worst,

Hodge. Why then, if you go to that, you were fain to leave your own village down in the *West*, for a bastard you had by the clerk of the parish, and I'll bring the man shall say it to your face.

Marg. No, no *Hodge*, 'tis no such thing, 'tis a base lie of farmer *Ploughshare's*——But I know what makes you false-hearted to me, that you may keep company with young madam's waiting-woman, and I am sure she's no fit body for a poor man's wife.

Hodge. How should you know what she's fit for? She's fit for as much as you mayhap; don't find fault with your betters, *Madge*. [*Seeing Young Meadows.*] Oh! master *Thomas*, I have a word or two to say to you; pray did not you go down the village one day last week, with a basket of something on your shoulder?

Y. Mead. Well, and what then?

Hodge. Nay, not much, only the offler at the *Green Man* was saying, as how there was a passenger at their house as seed you go by, and said he know'd you; and ax't a mort of questions——So I thought I'd tell you.

Y. Mead. The devil! ask questions about me! I know nobody in this part of the country; there must be some mistake in it——Come hither, *Hodge*.

Marg. A nasty ungrateful fellow, to use me at this rate, after being to him as I have——Well, well, I wish all poor girls would take warning by my mishap, and never have nothing to say to any of them.

A I R XIII.

*How happy were my days till now!
I ne'er did sorrow feel,
I rose with joy to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning wheel.*

*My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.*

*Oh the fool, the silly silly fool,
Who trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.]*

SCENE, *A green with the prospect of a village and the representation of a Statute or Fair. Enter Justice Woodcock, Hawthorn, Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, Lucinda, Rissetta, Young Meadows, Hodge, and several country people.*

Hodge. This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there! Here's his worship a-coming.

Countryman. His worship!

J. Woodc. Fye, fye, what a croud's this! Odd, I'll put some of them in the stocks. [*Striking a fellow.*] Stand out of the way, sirrah.

Hawth. For shame, neighbour. Well, my lad, are you willing to serve the king?

Countryman. Why, can you list me! Serve the king, master, no, no, I pay the king, that's enough for me. Ho, ho, ho.

Hawth. Well said, *Sturdyboots.*

J. Woodc. Nay, if you talk to them, they'll answer you.

Hawth. I would have them do so, I like they should — Well, madam, is not this a fine sight? I did not know my neighbour's estate was so well peopled. — Are all these his own tenants?

Mrs. Deb. More than are good of them, Mr. Hawthorn. I don't like to see such a parcel of young huffeys fleeing with the fellows.

Hawth. There's a lass. [*Beckoning to a country girl.*] Come hither, my pretty maid. What brings you here?

[*Chuck-*

[*Bucking her under the chin.*] Do you come to look for a service?

C. Girl. Yes, an't please you.

H. *uth.* Well, and what place are you for?

C. Girl. All work, an't please you.

J. Woodc. Ay, ay, I don't doubt it; any work you'll put her to.

Mrs. Deb. She looks like a brazen one—Go hussy.

Hawth. Here's another [*Catching a girl that goes by*] What health, what bloom!—This is nature's work; no art, no daubing—Don't be ashamed, child; those cheeks of thine are enough to put a whole drawing-room out of countenance.

Justice Woodcock, Hawthorn, Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, Lucinda, Rosetta, Young Meadows, Hodge, and ~~man~~ and women servants.

Hodge. Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why there's not the like of our flatute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

Servant man. Come good people, make a ring, and stand out, fellow servants, as many of you as are willing and able to bear a bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us, it shan't be our fault. Strike up the Servants Medley.

A I R XIV.

HOUSE-MAID.

I pray ye gentles, list to me,
I'm young, and strong, and clean to see;
I'll not turn tail to any she,

For work that's in the county:
Of all your house the charge I take,
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I lak;
And more can do than here I'll speak,
Depending on your bounty.

FOOTMAN.

Behold a blade, who knows his trade
In chamber, hall, and entry;
And what though here I now appear,
I w' serv'd the best of gentry:

*A footman would you have,
I can dress, and comb, and shave;
For I a handy lad am;
On a message I can go,
And slip a billet-doux,
With your humble servant, madam.*

COOK-M A I D.

*Who wants a good cook, my hand they must cross;
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;
And what are you soups, your ragouts and your sauce,
Compar'd to Old English roast beef?*

C A R T E R.

*If you want a young man with a true honest heart,
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,
Here's one for your purpose, come take me and try;
You'll say you ne'er met with a better nor I.
Gebo Dobbin, &c.*

C H O R U S.

*My masters and mistresses, hither repair,
What servants you want you'll find at our fair;
Men and maids fit for all sort of stations there be;
And as for our wages we shan't disagree.*



A C T II.

SCENE, *A parlour in Justice Woodcock's house.*

Lucinda and Eustace.

Luc. **W**ELL, am not I a bold adventurer, to bring you into my father's house at noon-day? Though, to say the truth, we are safer than in the garden; for there is not a human creature under the roof besides ourselves.

Euf. Then why not put our scheme into execution this moment? I have a post chaise ready.

Luc. Fye; how can you talk so lightly? I protest I am afraid to have any thing to do with you, your passion seems too much founded upon appetite; and my aunt Deborah says——

Euf.

Euf. What! by all the rapture my heart now feels—

Luc. Oh, to be sure, promise and vow; it sounds prettily, and never fails to impose upon a fond female.

A I R XV.

*We women like weak Indians trade,
Whose judgment tinsel shew decoys;
Dopes to our folly we are made
While artful man the gain enjoys:
We give our treasure to be paid,
A paltry, poor return! in toys.*

Euf. Well, I see you have a mind to divert yourself with me; but I wish I could prevail on you to be a little serious.

Luc. Seriously then, what would you desire me to say? I have promised to run away with you; which is as great a confession as any reasonable lover can expect from his mistress.

Euf. Yes; but, your dear provoking angel, you have not told me when you will run away with me.

Luc. Why that, I confess, requires some consideration.

Euf. Yet remember, while you are deliberating, the season, now so favourable to us, may elapse, never to return.

A I R XVI.

*Think my fa rest, how delay
Danger every moment brings;
Time flies swift, and will away;
Time that's ever on its wings;
Doubting and suspense at best,
Lovers late repentance cost;
Let us eager to be blest,
Seize occasion e're 'tis lost.*

Luinda, Eustace, Justice Woodcock, Mr. Deborah Woodcock.

J. Woodc. Why here is nothing in the world in this house but catter-wauling from morning till night, nothing but catter-wauling. Hoity toity! who have we here?

Luc. My father and my aunt!

Euf. The devil! What shall we do?

Luc. Take no notice of them, only observe me.

(*Speaks*)

[*Speak aloud to Eustace*] Upon my word, Sir, I don't know what to say to it, unless the Justice was at home; he is just stepped into the village with some company; but, if you will sit down a moment, I dare swear he will return [*Pretends to see the Justice*..——Oh! Sir, here is my papa!

J. Woodc. Here is your papa, huffey! Who's this you have got with you? Hark you, sirrah, who are you, ye dog? and what's your business here?

Euf. Sir, this is language I am not used to.

J. Woodc. Don't answer me, you rascal—I am a justice of the peace; and if I hear a word out of your mouth I'll send you to jail, for all your lac'd hat.

Mrs. Deb. Send him to jail, brother, that's right.

J. Woodc. And how do you know it's right? How should you know any thing's right?—Sister *Deborah*, you are never in the right.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, this is the man I have been telling you about so long.

J. Woodc. What man, goody *Wifeacre*!

Mrs. Deb. Why the man your daughter has an intrigue with; but I hope you will not believe it now, though you see it with your own eyes—Come, huffey, confess, and don't let your father make a fool of himself any longer.

Luc. Confess what, aunt? This gentleman is a music-master, he goes about the country teaching ladies to play and sing; and has been recommended to instruct me; I could not turn him out when he came to offer his service, and did not know what answer to give him till I saw my papa.

J. Woodc. A music-master!

Euf. Yes, Sir, that's my profession.

Mrs. Deb. It's a lye, young man; it's a lye. Brother, he is no more a music-master than I am a music-master.

J. Woodc. What then you know better than the fellow himself, do you? and you will be wiser than all the world?

Mrs. Deb. Brother, he does not look like a music-master,

J. Woodc. He does not look! ha! ha! ha! Was ever such a poor stupe! Well, and what does he look like then? But I suppose you mean, he is not dressed like

like a music-master, because of his ruffles, and this bit of garnishing about his coat—which seems to be copper too—Why, you silly wretch, these whippersnappers set up for gentlemen, now-a-days, and give themselves as many airs as if they were people of quality—Hark you friend, I suppose you don't come within the vagrant act? You have some settled habitation? Where do you live?

Mrs. Deb. It's an easy matter for him to tell you a wrong place.

J. Woodc. Sister *Deborah*, don't provoke me.

Mrs. Deb. I wish, brother, you would let me examine him a little.

J. Woodc. You shan't say a word to him, you shan't say a word to him.

Mrs. Deb. She says he was recommended here, brother? ask him by whom?

J. Woodc. No, I won't now, because you desire it.

Luc. If my papa did ask the question, aunt, it would be easily resolved.

Mrs. Deb. Who bid you speak *Mrs. Nimble Chats*? I suppose the man has a tongue in his head to answer for himself.

J. Woodc. Will nobody stop that prating old woman's mouth for me? Get out of the room.

Mrs. Deb. Well, so I can, brother; I don't want to stay; but remember, I tell you, you will make yourself ridiculous in this affair; for thro' your own obstinacy you will have your daughter run away with before your face.

J. Woodc. My daughter! who will run away with my daughter!

Mrs. Deb. That fellow will.

J. Woodc. Go, go, you are a wicked censorious woman.

Luc. Why sure, madam, you must think me very coming indeed.

J. Woodc. Ay, she judges of others by herself; I remember, when she was a girl her mother dared not trust her the length of her apron string; she was clambering upon every fellow's back.

Mrs. Deb. I was not.

J. Woodc. You were.

Luc. Well, but why so violent?

A I R XVII.

*Be'lieve m, d-ar aunt,
If you save thus, and save t,
You'll never a lover persuade;
The men will el. fly,
And leave you to die,
Oh, terrible chance! an old maid.*

*How happy the last
Must be come to tis fast,
Who ancient virginity scape:
'Twere better on Earth
Have five brats at a birth,
Than in hell be a leader of opes.*

Justice Woodcock, Lucinda, Eustace.

J. Woodc. Well done, *Lucy*, send her about her business, a troublesome foolish creature, doe she think I want to be directed by her——Come hither, my lad, you look tolerable honest.

E. f. I hope, Sir, I shall never give you cause to alter your opinion.

J. Woodc. No, no, I am not easily deceived, I am generally pretty right in my conjectures,——You must know, I had once a little notion of music myself, and learned upon the fiddle; I could play the *Trumpet Minuet*, and *Butter'd Pease*, and two or three tunes. I remember when I was in *London*, about thirty years ago, there was a song, a great favourite at our club at *Vando's* Coffee-house; *Jack Pick'e* used to sing it for us; a droll fish; but 'us an old thing; I dare swear you have heard of it often.

A I R VIII.

*When I foll w'd a Lass that was forward and fly,
Oh! I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply;
Oh! I took her so lovingly round the waist,
And I smack'd her lips and held her fast:
When hugg'd and haul'd,
Sh squell'd and squall'd:
For though she wou'd all I did was in vain,
Yet I pleas'd her so well that she br. it again:
Then boity, toity,
Whisking, frisking,*

*Green was her gown upon the grass;
Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.*

Euf. Very well, Sir. upon my word.

J. Woodc. No, no, I forgot all those things now; but I could do a little at them once:—Well, stay and eat your dinner, and we'll talk about your teaching the girl—*Lucy*, take your master to your spinne, and shew him what you can do—I must go and give some orders: *Then hoity toity, &c.*

Lucinda, Eustace.

Luc. My sweet pretty papa, your most obedient humble servant; hah, hah, hah! was ever so whimsical an accident! Well, Sir, what do you think of this?

Euf. Think of it! I am in a maze.

Luc. O your awkwardness! I was frightened out of my wits, lest you should not take the hint; and if I had not turned matters so cleverly, we should have been utterly undone.

Euf. 'Sdeath! why would you bring me into the house? We could expect nothing else: Besides, since they did surprize us, it would have been better to have discovered the truth.

Luc. Yes, and never have seen one another afterwards. I know my father better than you do; he has taken it into his head, I have no inclination for a husband; and, let me tell you, that is our best security: for if once he has said a thing he will not be easily persuaded to the contrary.

Euf. And pray what am I to do now?

Luc. Why, as I think all danger is pretty well over, since he has invited you to dinner with him, stay; only be cautious of your behaviour; and, in the mean time, I will consider what is next to be done.

Euf. Had not I better go to your father?

Luc. Do so, while I endeavour to recover myself a little out of the flurry this affair has put me in.

Euf. Well, but what a sort of parting is this, without so much as your servant, or good-bye to you? No ceremony at all? Can you afford me no token to keep up my spirits till I see you again?

Luc. Ah, childish!

Euf. My angel.

A I R IX.

Enf. Let rakes and libertines, resign'd
 To sensual pleasures range;
 Here all the sex's charms I find,
 And ne'er can cool or change.

Luc. Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
 What most their hearts desire;
 With pride my passion I reveal,
 Oh! may it ne'er expire.

Both. The sun shall cease to spread its light,
 The stars their orbits leave,
 And fair creation sink in night,
 When I my dear deceive.

S C E N E, A Garden.

Enter Rosetta, musing.

Ros. If ever poor creature was in a pitiable condition, surely I am. The devil take this fellow, I cannot get him out of my head, and yet I would fain persuade myself I don't care for him: well, but surely I am not in love? Let me examine my heart a little: I saw him kissing one of the maids the other day: I could have boxed his ears for it, and have done nothing but find fault and quarrel with the girl ever since. Why was I uneasy at his toying with another woman? What was it to me? Then I dream of him almost every night—But that may proceed from his being generally uppermost in my thoughts all day: Oh! worse and worse!—Well, he is certainly a pretty lad; he has something uncommon about him, considering his rank:—And now let me only put the case—if he was not a servant, would I or would I not prefer him to all the men I ever saw? Why, to be sure, if he was not a servant. In short, I'll ask myself no more questions; for the further I examine, the less reason I have to be satisfied.

A I R XX.

*How blest the maid, whose bosom
 No head-strong passion knows;
 Her days in joy she passes,
 Her nights in calm repose.*

Where'er

*Where'er her fancy leads her,
No pain, no fear invades her;
But pleasure
Without measure,
From ev'ry object flows.*

Young Meadows, Rossetta.

Y. Mead. Do you come into the garden, Mrs. Rossetta, to put my lillies and roses out of countenance; or to save me the trouble of watering my flowers by reviving them? The Sun seems to have hid himself a little, to give you an opportunity of supplying his place.

Ros. Where could he get that now? He never read it in the *Academy of Compliments*.

Y. Mead. Come don't affect to treat me with contempt; I can suffer any thing better than that; in short, I love you; there is no more to be said; I am angry with myself for it, and strive all I can against it: but in spite of myself, I love you,

A I R XXI.

*In vain I ev'ry art essay,
To pluck the venom'd shaft away
That wrangles in my heart;
Deep in the centre fix'd and bound,
My efforts but enlarge the wound,
And fiercer make the smart.*

Ros. Really, Mr. Thomas, this is very improper language; it is what I don't understand; I can't suffer it, and in short, I don't like it

Y. Mead. Perhaps you don't like me?

Ros. Well, perhaps I don't.

Y. Mead. Nay, but 'tis not so; come, confess you love me.

Ros. Confess! indeed I shall confess no such thing: besides, to what purpose shall I confess it?

Y. Mead. Why, as you say, I don't know to what purpose; only it would be a satisfaction to me to hear you say so; that's all.

Ros. Why, if I did love you, I can assure you, you would never be the better for it—Women are apt enough to be weak? we cannot always answer for our inclinations, but it is in our power not to give way to them;

and, if I was so silly; I say, if I was so indiscreet, which I hope I am not, as to entertain an improper regard, when people's circumstances are quite unsuitable, and there are obstacles in the way that cannot be surmounted—

Y. Mead. Oh! to be sure, Mrs. *Rossetta*, to be sure; you are entirely in the right of it—I—I know very well, you and I can never come together.

Ros. Well then, since that is the case, as I assure you it is, I think we had better behave accordingly.

Y. Mead. Suppose we make a bargain, then, never to speak to one another any more?

Ros. With all my heart.

Y. Mead. Nor look at, nor, if possible, think of one another?

Ros. I am very willing.

Y. Mead. And, as long as we stay in the house together, never to take any notice?

Ros. It is the best way.

Y. Mead. Why, I believe it is—Well, Mrs. *Rossetta*—

A I R XXII.

Ros. *Be gone—I agree,
From this moment we're free,
Already the matter I've sworn:*

Y. Mead. *Yet let me complain
Of the fates that ordain,
A trial so hard to be borne.*

Ros. *When things are not fit,
We should calmly submit;
No cure in reluctance we find:*

Y. Mead. *Then thus I obey,
Tear your image away,
And banish you quite from my mind.*

Ros. Well, now, I think, I am somewhat easier: I am glad I have come to this explanation with him, because it puts an end to things at once.

Y. Mead. Hold Mrs. *Rossetta*, pray stop a moment—The airs this girl gives herself are intolerable, I find now the cause of this behaviour: She despises the meanness of my condition, thinking a gardener below the notice of a lady's waiting-woman: 'Sdeath I have a good mind to discover myself to her.

Ros.

Ros. Poor wretch! he does not know what to make of it: I believe he is heartily mortified, but I must not pity him.

Y. Mead. It shall be so; I will discover myself to her, and leave the house directly—*Mrs. Rissetta*—(*starting back*)—Pox on it, yonder's the Justice come into the garden!

Ros. O Lord! he will walk round this way; pray go about your business: I would not for the world he should see us together.

Y. Mead. The devil take him: he's gone across the parterre, and can't hobble here this half hour. I must and will have a little conversation with you.

Ros. Some other time.

Y. Mead. This evening, in the green-house, at the lower end of the canal; I have something to communicate to you of importance. Will you meet me there?

Ros. Meet you!

Y. Mead. Ay; I have a secret to tell you; and I swear, from that moment, there shall be an end of every thing betwixt us.

Ros. Well, well, pray leave me now.

Y. Mead. You'll come then?

Ros. I don't know, perhaps I may.

Y. Mead. Nay, but promise.

Ros. What signifies promising; I may break my promise—but I tell you I will.

Y. Mead. Enough—Yet before I leave you, let me desire you to believe I love you more than ever man loved woman; and that, when I relinquish you, I give up all that can make my life supportable.

A I R XXIII.

*Oh! how shall I in language weak,
My ardent passion tell;
Or form my fault'ring tongue to speak,
That cruel word, Farewell!
Farewell—but know, tho' thus we part,
My thoughts can never stray:
Go where I will, my constant heart
Must with my charmer stay.*

Ros.

Rossetta, Justice Woodcock.

Ros. What can this be that he wants to tell me: I have a strange curiosity to hear it, methinks—well—

J. Woodc. Hem: hem. Rossetta.

Ros. So I thought the devil would throw him in my way; now for a courtship of a different kind; but I'll give him a surfeit—Did you call me, Sir?

J. Woodc. Ay, where are you running so fast?

Ros. I was only going into the house, Sir?

J. Woodc. Well, but come here: come here, I say.

[Looking about.] How do you do, Rossetta?

Ros. Thank you, Sir, pretty well.

J. Woodc. Who you look as fresh and bloomy to-day

—Adad, you little slut; I believe you are painted.

Ros. O! Sir, you are pleased so compliment.

J. Woodc. Adad, I believe you are—let me try—

Ros. Lord, Sir!

J. Woodc. What brings you into this garden so often, Rossetta? I hope you don't get eating green fruit and trash; or have you a hankering after some lover in dowls, who spoils my trees by engraving true lovers knots on them, with your horn and your buck handled knives? I see your name written upon the ceiling of the servants-hall, with the smoke of a candle; and I suspect—

Ros. Not me, I hope, Sir—No, Sir; I am of another guess mind, I assure you; for I have heard say, men are false and fickle—

J. Woodc. Ay, that's your flouting, idle young fellows; so they are; and they are so damn'd impudent, I wonder a woman will have any thing to say to them; besides all that they want is something to brag of, and tell again.

Ros. Why, I own, Sir, if ever I was to make a slip, it should be with an elderly gentleman—about seventy, or seventy five years of age.

J. Woodc. No child, that's out of reason; though I have known many a man turned of threescore with a hale constitution.

Ros. Then, Sir, he should be troubled with the gout, have a good, strong, substantial, winter cough—and I should not like him the worse—if he had a small touch of the rheumatism.

J. Woodc. Pho, pho. Rossetta, this is jesting.

Ros. No, Sir, every body has a taste, and I have mine.

J. Woodc.

J. Woodc. Well, but *Ressetta*, have you thought of what I was saying to you?

Ros. What was it, Sir?

J. Woodc. Ah! you know, you know, well enough, hussy.

Ros. Dear Sir, consider my soul; would you have me endanger my soul?

J. Woodc. No, no——Repent.

Ros. Besides, Sir, consider, what has a poor servant to depend on but her character? And, I have heard, you gentlemen will talk one thing before, and another after.

J. Woodc. I tell you again, these are the idle, flashy, young dogs; but when you have to do with a staid sober man——

Ros. And a magistrate, Sir!

J. Woodc. Right; it's quite a different thing——
Well, shall we, *Ressetta*, shall we?

Ros. Really, Sir, I don't know what to say to it.

A I R XXIV.

Young I am, and sore afraid:

Would you hurt a harmless maid?

Lead an innocent astray?

Tempt me not, Kind Sir, I pray,

Men too often we believe:

And should you my faith deceive,

Re in first and then forsake,

Sure my tender heart would break.

J. Woodc. Why, you silly girl, I won't do you any harm.

Ros. Won't you, Sir?

J. Woodc. Not I.

Ros. But won't you indeed, Sir?

J. Woodc. Why I tell you I won't

Ros. Ha, ha, ha.

J. Woodc. Hussy, hussy.

Ros. Ha, ha, ha!—Your servant, Sir, your servant.

J. Woodc. Why, you impudent, audacious——

Justice Woodcock, Hawthorn.

Hawth. So, so, justice at odds with gravity! his worship playing at romps!——Your servant, Sir.

J. Woodc. Haw: friend Hawthorn!

Hawth.

Hawth. I hope I don't spoil sport neighbour; I thought I had the glimpse of a petticoat as I came in here.

J. Woodc. Oh! the maid Ay, she has been gathering a fallad—But come hither, master *Hawthorn*, and I'll shew you some alterations I intend to make in my garden.

Hawth. No, no, I am no judge of it;—besides, I want to talk to you a little more about this—Tell me, Sir, *Justice*, were you helping your maid to gather a fallad here, or consulting her taste in your improvements eh? Ha, ha, ha! Let me see, all among the roses: egad, I like your notion; but you look a little blank upon it; you are ashamed of the business, then, are you?

A I R XXV.

*Oons; neighbour, ne'er blush for a trifle like this;
What harm with a fair one to toy and to kiss?
The greatest and gravest, a truce with grimace——
Would do the same thing, were they in the same place.*

*No age, no profession, no station i free;
To sovereign beauty mankind bends the knee:
That power, resistless, no strength can oppose,
We all love a pretty girl under the rose.*

J. Woodc. I profess, master *Hawthorn*; this is all *Indian*, all *Cherokee* language to me; I dont understand a word of it.

Hawth. No, may be not; well, Sir, will you read this letter, and try whether you can understand that; it is just brought by a servant, who stays for an answer.

J. Woodc. A letter, and to me! [*taking the letter.*] Yes it comes to me; and yet I am sure it comes from no correspondent, that I know of. Where are my spectacles? not but I can see very well without them, master *Hawthorn*; but this seems to be but a sort of a crabbed hand.

S I R.

I am ashamed of giving you this trouble; but I am informed there is an unbinking boy, a son of mine, now disguised, and in your service, in the capacity of a gardener; Tom is a little wild, but an honest lad, and so feel either, though I am his father that say it. Tom——oh, this is Thomas, our gardener; I always thought that he was a better man's child than he appeared to be, though I never mentioned it.

Hawth.

Hawth. Well, well, Sir, pray let's hear the rest of the letter

J. Woodc. Stay, where is the place? Oh, here; I am come in quest of my runaway and write this at an inn in your village, while I am swallowing a morsel of dinner: I excuse, not having the pleasure of your acquaintance, I did not care to intrude, without giving you notice. [Whoever this person is, he understands good manners]. I beg leave to wait on you, Sir; but desire you would keep my arrival a secret, particularly from the young man

William Meadows.

I'll assure you, a very well worded, civil letter. Do you know any thing of the person who writes it, neighbour;

Hawth. Let me consider—*Meadows*—by dad I believe it is Sir William Meadows of Northamptonshire; and, now I remember I heard, some time ago, that the heir of that family had absconded, on account of a marriage that was disagreeable to him. It is a good many years since I have seen Sir William, but we were once well acquainted; and, if you please, Sir, I will go and conduct him to the house.

J. Woodc. Do so, master Hawthorn, do so—But, pray what sort of a man is this Sir William Meadows? Is he a wise man?

Hawth. There is no occasion for a man that has five thousand pounds a year, to be a conjuror; but I suppose you ask that question because of his story about his son; taking it for granted, that wise parents make wise children

J. Woodc. No doubt of it, master Hawthorn, no doubt of it—I warrant we shall find now, that this young rascal has fallen in love with some mynx, against his father's content—Why, Sir, if I had as many children as king Priam had, that we read of at school in the *Destruction of Troy*, not one of them should serve me so.

Hawth. Well, well, neighbour, perhaps not; but we should remember when we was young ourselves; and I was as likely to play an old don such a trick in my day, as e'er a spark in the hundred; nay between you and me I had done it once, had the wench been as willing as I.

A I R XXVI.

*My Dolly was the fairest thing!
Her breath did close'd the sweets of spring;*

And

*And if for summer you wou'd seek,
'Twas painted in her eye, her cheek
Her swelling bosom, tempting ripe,
Of fruitful autumn was the type;
But, when my tender tale I told,
I found her heart was winter cold.*

J. Woodc. Ah, you were always a scape-grace rattle-cap.

Hawth. Odds heart, neighbour *Woodcock*, don't tell me, young fellows will be young fellows, though we preach till we were hoarse again; and so there's an end on't.

SCENE, *Justice Woodcock's hall.*

Hodge, Margery.

Hodge. So, mistress, who let you in?

Marg. Why, I let myself in.

Hodge. Indeed! Marry come up! why, then pray let yourself out again: Times are come to a pretty pass; I think you might have had the manners to knock at the door first—What does the wench stand for?

Marg. I want to know if his worship's at home.

Hodge. Well, what's your business with his worship?

Marg. Perhaps you will hear that—Look ye, *Hodge*, it does not signify talking, I am come, once for all, to know what you intends to do; for I won't be made a fool of any longer.

Hodge. You won't.

Marg. No, that's what I won't, by the best man that ever wore a head; I am the make-game of the whole village upon your account; and I'll try whether your master gives you toleration in your doings.

Hodge. You will?

Marg. Yes, that's what I will; his worship shall be acquainted with all your pranks, and see how you like to be sent for a soldier.

Hodge. There's the door; take a friend's advice and go about your business.

Marg. My business is with his worship; and I won't go till I sees him.

Hodge. Look you, *Madge*, if you make any of your orations here, never stir if I don't set the dogs at you—Will you be gone?

Marg. I won't.

Hodge. Here *Towzer* [*whistling*] whu, whu, whu.

A I R

A I R XXVII.

Was ever poor fellow so plagu'd with a wizen?

Zounds Madge, don't provoke me, but mind what I say;
You've chose the wrong person for playing your tricks on,

So pack up your alls and be trudging away:

You'd better be quiet,

And not breed a riot;

S'blord! must I stand here prating with you all the day?

I've got other matters to mind;

Mayhap you may think me an ass;

But to the contrary you'll find:

A fine piece of work by the mass!

Rossetta, Hodge, Margery.

Ros. Sure I heard the voice of discord here—as I live
 an admirer of mine, and, if I mistake not, a rival —,
 I'll have some sport with them—how now fellow ser-
 vant, what's the matter?

Hodge. Nothing, Mrs. *Rossetta*, only this young wo-
 man wants to speak with his worship—*Madge*, follow me.

Marg. No, *Hodge*, this is your fine madam? but I am
 as good flesh and blood as she, and have as clear a skin
 too tho' I mayn't go as gay; and now she's here I'll tell
 her a piece of my mind.

Hodge. Hold your tongue, will you?

Marg. No, I'll speak if I die for it.

Ros. What's the matter, I say?

Hodge. Why nothing I tell you; ——— *Madge* ———

Marg. Yes, but it is something, it's all along of she
 and she may be ashamed of herself.

Ros. Bless me, child, do you direct your discourse to
 me?

Marg. Yes, I do, and to nobody else; there was not
 a kinder soul breathing than he was till of late; I had
 never a cross word from him till he kept your company;
 but all the girls about say, there is no such thing as keep-
 ing a sweetheart for you.

Ros. Do you hear this, friend *Hodge*?

Hodge. Why, you don't mind she I hope; but if that
 vexes her, I do like you, I do; my mind runs upon no-
 thing else; and if so be as you was agreeable to it, I
 would marry you to-night, before to morrow.

D

Marg.

Marg. You're a nasty monkey, you are parjur'd; you know you are, and you deserve to have your eyes tore out.

Hodge. Let me come at her——I'll teach you to call names, and abuse folk.

Marg. Do strike; you a man!

Ros. Hold, hold——we shall have a battle here presently, and I may chance to get my cap tore off——never exasperate a jealous woman 'tis taking a mad bull by the horns——Leave me to manage her.

Hodge. You manage her! I'll kick her.

Ros. No, no, it would be more for my credit, to get the better of her by fair means——I warrant I'll bring her to reason.

Hodge. Well, do so then——But may I depend upon you? when shall I speak to the parson?

Ros. We'll talk about that some other time——Go.

Hodge. Madge, good by.

Ros. The brutality of this fellow shocks me!——Oh man, man——you are all alike——A bumkin here, bred at the barn-door! had he been brought up in a court, could he have been more fashionably vicious? shew me the lord, 'squire, colonel, or captain of them all, that can outdo him.

A I R XXVIII.

*Cease, gay seducers, pride to take,
In triumphs o'er the fair;
Since clowns as well can act the rake,
As those in higher sphere.*

*Where then to shun a shameful fate
Shall hapless beauty go;
In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry state,
Poor woman finds a foe.*

Rosetta, Margery.

Marg. I am ready to burst, I can't stay in the place any longer.

Ros. Hold, child, come hither.

Marg. Don't speak to me, don't you.

Ros. Well, but I have some thing to say to you of consequence, and that will be for your good; I suppose this fellow promised you marriage.

Marg. Ay, or he should never have prevailed upon me.
Ros.

Ros. Well, now you see the ill consequence of trusting to such promises : when once a man hath cheated woman of her virtue, she has no longer hold of him ; he despises her for wanting that which he hath robbed her of ; and like a lawless conqueror, triumphs in the ruin he hath occasioned.

Marg. ——— *Nan.*

Ros. However, I hope the experience you have got, tho' somewhat dearly purchased, will be of use to you for the future ; and as to any designs I have upon the heart of your lover, you may make yourself easy, for I assure you, I shall be no dangerous rival, so go your ways and be a good girl.

Marg. Yes——I don't very well understand her talk, but I suppose that's as much as to say she'll keep him herself ; well let her, who cares, I don't fear getting better nor he is any day of the year, for the matter of that ; and I have a thought come into my head that may be will be more to my advantage.

A I R XXIX.

*Since Hodge proves ungrateful, no further I'll seek,
But go up to town in the waggon next week ;
A service in London is no such disgrace,
And a Register's office will get me a place :
Bet Blossom went there, and soon met with a friend ;
Folk say in her silks she's now standing an end !
Then why should not I the same maxim pursue,
And better my fortune as other girls do ?*

Enter Rossetta and Lucinda.

Ros. Ha ! Ha ! ha ! Oh admirable, most delectably ridiculous. And so your father is content he should be a music-master, and will have him such, in spite of all your aunt can say to the contrary ?

Luc. My father and he, child, are the best companions you ever saw ; and have been singing together the most hideous duets ! *Bobbing Joan*, and *Old Sir Simon the King*. Heaven knows where *Eustace* could pick them up ; but he has gone through half the contents of *Pills to purge Melancholy*, with him.

Ros. And have you resolved to take wing to-night ?

Luc. This very night, my dear; my swain will go from hence this evening, but no farther than the inn, where he has left his horses; and at twelve precisely, he will be with a post-chaise at the little gate that opens from the lawn into the road, where I have promised to meet him.

Ros. Then depend upon it, I'll bear you company.

Luc. We shall slip out when the family are asleep, and I have prepared *Hodge* already. Well, I hope we shall be happy.

Ros. Never doubt it.

A I R XXX.

*In love should there meet a fond pair,
Unutor'd by fashion or art;
Whose wishes are warm and sincere,
Whose words are th' excess of the heart;
If ought of substantial delight,
On this side the stars can be found,
'Tis sure when that couple unite,
And Cupid by Hymen is crown'd.*

Rosetta, Lucinda, Hawthorn.

Hawth. Lucy, where are you?

Luc. Your pleasure, Sir?

Ros. Mr. Hawthorn, your servant.

Hawth. What, my little water-wagtail! The very couple I wish'd to meet come hither both of you.

Ros. Now, Sir, what wou'd you say to both of us?

Hawth. Why, let me look at you a little—have you got on your best gowns, and your best faces? If not, go and trick yourselves out directly, for I'll tell you a secret—there will be a young bachelor in the house, within these three hours, that may fall to the share of one of you, if you look sharp—but whether mistress or maid—

Ros. Ay, marry, this is something; but how do you know whether either mistress or maid will think him worth acceptance.

Hawth. Follow me, follow me; I warrant you.

Luc. I can assure you, Mr. Hawthorn, I am very difficult to please.

Ros. And so am I, Sir.

Hawth. Indeed!

A I R XXXI.

*Well come, let us hear what the swain must possess,
Who may hope at your feet to improve with success?*

Ros. *He must be, first of all,
Strait, comely, and tall:*

Luc. *Neither awkward,*

Ros. *Nor foolish,*

Luc. *Nor ambitious,*

Ros. *Nor mulish,*

Luc. }
Ros. } *Nor yet shall his fortune be small.*

Hawth. *What think'st of a captain?*

Luc. *All bluster and wounds!*

Hawth. *What think'st of a squire?*

Ros. *To be left for his hounds.*

Luc. } *The youth that is form'd to my mind,*

Luc. } *Must be gentle, obliging, and kind;*

Ros. } *Of all things in nature love me:*

Ros. } *Have sense both to speak and to see—*

Ros. } *Yet sometimes be silent and blind.*

Hawth. } *'Fore George a most rare matrimonial receipt!*

Ros. } *Observe it, ye fair, in the choice of a mate;*

Luc. } *Remember, 'tis wedlock determines your fate.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *A parlour in Justice Woodcock's house. Enter
Sir William Meadows, followed by Hawthorn.*

Sir Will. **W**ELL, this is excellent, this is mighty good, this is mighty merry, faith; ha! ha! ha! was ever the like heard of? that my boy Tom, should run away from me, for fear of being forced to marry a girl he never saw? that she should scamper from her father for fear of being forced to marry him; and that they should run into one another's arms this way in disguise, by mere accident; against their consents, and without knowing it, as a body may say! May I never do an ill turn, Master Hawthorn, if it is not one of the oddest adventures partly——

Hawth. Why, Sir William, it is a romance; a novel; a pleasanter history by half, than the loves of *Dorcasus*

and *Faunia*; we shall have ballads made of it within these two months, setting forth, how a young 'squire became a serving man of low degree, and it will be stuck up with *Margaret's Ghost* and the *Spanish Lady*, against the walls of every cottage in the country.

Sir Will. But what pleases me best of all, Master *Hawthorn*, is the ingenuity of the girl. May I never do an ill turn, when I was called out of the room, and the servant said she wanted to speak to me, if I knew what to make on't; but when the little gipsy took me aside, and told me her name, and how matters stood, I was quite astonished, as a body may say; and could not believe it partly: till her young friend, that she has with her, assured me of the truth on't: indeed, at last, I began to recollect her face, tho' I have not set eyes on her before, since she was the height of a full grown greyhound.

Hawth. Well, Sir *William*, your son as yet knows nothing of what has happened, nor of your being come hither; and, if you'll follow my counsel, we'll have some sport with him——He and his mistress were to meet in the garden this evening by appointment, she's gone to dress herself in all her airs; will you let me direct your proceeding in this affair?

Sir Will. With all my heart, Master *Hawthorn*, with all my heart, do what you will with me, say what you please for me; I am so overjoyed, and so happy—And may I never do an ill turn, but I am very glad to see you too; ay, and partly as much pleased at that as any thing else, for we have been merry together before now, when we were some years younger; well, and how has the world gone with you, Master *Hawthorn*, since we saw one another last?

Hawth. Why, pretty well, Sir *William*, I have no reason to complain; every one has a mixture of sour with his sweets; but, in the main, I believe, I have done in a degree as tolerably as my neighbours.

A I R XXXII.

*The world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiseously set;
We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.*

*My simile holds to a tittle,
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste;
But, if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.*

Sir William Meadows, Hawthorn, Rossetta.

Ros. Sir William, I beg pardon for detaining you, but I have had so much difficulty in adjusting my borrowed plumes.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but they fit you to a T, and you look very well, so you do: Cocksbones! how your father will chuckle when he comes to hear this. Her father, Master Hawthorn, is as worthy a man as lives by bread, and has been almost out of his senses for the loss of her.—But tell me, hussley, has not this been all a scheme, a piece of conjuration between you and my son? Faith, I am half persuaded it has, it looks so like hocus-pocus, as a-body may say.

Ros. Upon my honour, Sir William, what has happened has been the mere effect of chance; I came hither unknown to your son, and he unknown to me; I never in the least suspected that Thomas the gardener was other than his appearance spoke him; and least of all, that he was a person with whom I had so close a connection. Mr. Hawthorn can testify the astonishment I was in when he first informed me of it; but I thought it was my duty to come to an immediate explanation with you.

Sir Will. Is not she a neat wench, Master Hawthorn? May I never do an ill turn but she is—but, you little plaguy devil, how came this love affair between you?

Ros. I have told you the whole truth very ingenuously Sir, since your son and I have been fellow-servants, as I may call it, in this house, I have had more than reason to suspect he had taken a liking to me; and I will own, with equal frankness, had I not looked upon him as a person so much below me, I should have had no objection to receiving his courtship.

Hawth. Well said, by the lord Harry, all above board, fair and open.

Ros. Perhaps I may be censured by some for this candid declaration; but love to speak my sentiments; and I assure you, Sir William, in my opinion, I should prefer

prefer a gardener, with your son's good qualities, to a knight of the shire without them.

A I R XXXIII.

*'Tis not wealth, it is not birth,
Can value to the soul convey;
Minds possess superior worth,
Which can nor give, nor takes away.
Like the sun true merit shows,
By nature warm, by nature bright;
With inbred flames he nobly glows,
Nor needs the aid of borrow'd light.*

Hawth. Well, but, Sir, we lose time——is not this about the hour appointed to meet in the garden?

Ros. Pretty near it.

Hawth. Oons! then what do we stay for? Come, my old friend, come along, and by the way we will consult how to manage your interview.

Sir Will. Ay, but I must speak a word or two to my man about the horses first.

Rossetta, Hodge.

Ros. Well——what's the business?

Hodge. Madam——Mercy on us! I crave pardon.

Ros. Why, *Hodge.* don't you know me?

Hodge. M s. *Rossetta!*

Ros. Ay,

Hodge. Know you! Ecod, I don't know whether I do or not? never stir, if I did not think it was some lady belonging to the strange gentlefolks: Why you be'n't dizen'd this way to go to the statute dance presently, be you!

Ros. Have patience and you'll see;——but is there any thing amiss, that you came in so abruptly?

Hodge. Amiss! why there's ruination.

Ros. How! where!

Hodge. Why, with Miss *Lucinda*, her aunt has catch'd she and the gentleman above stairs, and overheard all their love discourse.

Ros. You don't say so!

Hodge. Ecod, I had like to have pop'd in among them this instant; but, by good luck, I heard Mrs. *Deborah's* voice,

De'erab's voice, and ran down again as fast as ever my legs could carry me.

Ros. Is your master in the house?

Hodge. What his worship? No, no, he is gone into the fields to talk with the reapers and people.

Ros. Poor *Lucinda*; I wish I could go up to her, but I am so engaged with my own affairs —

Hodge. Mrs. *Rosetta*.

Ros. Well.

Hodge. Oddsbobs! I must have one smack of your sweet lips.

Ros. Oh! stand off; you know I never allow liberties.

Hodge. Nay, but why so coy? There's reason in roasting of eggs; I would not deny you such a thing.

Ros. That's kind: ha, ha, ha!—But what will become of *Lucinda*? Sir *William*, waits for me, I must be gone, —Friendship, a moment by your leave; yet, as our sufferings have been mutual, so shall our joys; I already lose the remembrance of all former pains and anxieties.

A I R XXXIV.

*The traveller benighted,
And led through weary'd ways,
The lamp of day new lighted,
With joy the dawn surveys.*

*The rising prospects viewing,
Each look is forward cast;
He smiles, his course pursuing,
Nor think of what is past.*

Hodge, Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, Lucinda.

Hodge. Hiss! Hiss; don't I hear a noise?

Luc. [*within*] Well, but dear, dear aunt—

Mrs. Deb. [*within*] You need not speak to me, for it does not signify.

Hodge. Adwawns! they are coming here: ecod, I'll get out of the way—Murrain take it, this door is bolted now—So, so.

Mrs. D. b. Get along, get along: [*drawing in Lucinda before her*] you are a scandal to the name of *Woodcock*; but I was resolved to find you out, for I have suspected you a great while, tho' your father, silly man, will have you such a poor innocent.

Luc.

Luc. What shall I do?

Mrs. Deb. I was determined to discover what you and your pretended music master were about, and lay in wait on purpose; I believe he thought to escape me, by slipping into the closet when I knocked at the door; but I was even with him, for now I have him under lock and key, and, please the Fates, there he shall remain till your father comes in: I will convince him of his error, whether he will or not.

Luc. You won't be so cruel, I am sure you won't: I thought I had made you my friend by telling you the truth.

Mrs. Deb. Telling me the truth, quotha! Did I not overhear your scheme of running away to night through the partition? Did not I find the very bundles pack'd up in the room with you ready for going off? No, brazen face, I found out the truth by my own sagacity, though your father says I am a fool, but now we'll be judged who is the greatest.——And you Mr. Rascal, my brother shall know, what an honest servant he has got.

Hodge. Madam!

Mrs. Deb. You were to have been aiding and assisting them in their escape, and have been the go between, it seems, the letter-carrier!

Hodge. Who? Me? Madam!

Mrs. Deb. Yes, you, sirrah!

Hodge. Miss Lucinda, did I ever carry a letter for you? I'll make my affidavit before his worship——

Mrs. Deb. Go, go, you are a villain, hold your tongue

Luc. I own, aunt, I have been very faulty in this affair; I don't pretend to excuse myself; but we are all subject to frailties; consider that, and judge of me by yourself; you were once young, and inexperienced as I am.

A I R XXXV.

If ever a fond inclination

Rose in your bosom to rob you of rest,

Reflect with a little compassion,

On the soft pangs which prevail'd in my breast:

Oh, where, where would you fly me?

Can you deny me thus torn and distressed?

Think, when my lover was by me,

Would I, how cou'd I refuse his request?

Kneeling

*Kneeling before you, let me implore you,
Looking on me sighing, crying, dying;
Ah! is there no language can move?
If I have been too complying.*

Hard was the conflict 'twixt duty and love.

Mrs. Deb. This is mighty pretty romantic stuff! But you learn it out of your play books and novels. Girls in my time had other employments, we work'd at our needles, and kept ourselves from idle thoughts; before I was your age, I had finished with my own fingers, a complete set of chairs, and a fire-screen in tent-stitch; four counterpanes in *Marseilles* quilting; and the creed and the commandments, in the hair of our family; it was fram'd and glaz'd, and hung over the parlour chimney-piece, and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it than of e'er a picture in his house. I never looked into a book but when I said my prayers, except it was the *Complete Housewife*, or the great family receipt book; whereas you are always at your studies! Ah, I never knew a woman come to good that was fond of reading.

Luc. Well, pray, Madam. let me prevail on you to give me the key to let Mr. *Eustace* out, and I promise I never will proceed a step farther in this business without your advice and approbation.

Mrs. Deb. Have not I told you already my resolution? — Where are my clogs and my bonnet? I'll go to my brother in the fields; I'm a fool, you know child; now let's see what the wits will think of themselves — Don't hold me —

Luc. I'm not going; — I have thought of a way to be even with you, so you may do as you please.

Hodge. Well, I thought it would come to this, I'll be shot if I did't — So here's a fine job — But what can they do to me? They can't send me to jail for carrying a letter, seeing there was no treason in it; and how was I obligated to know my matter did not allow of their meetings; the worst they can do, is to turn me off, and I am sure the place is no such great purchase; indeed, I should be sorry to leave Mrs. *Resitta*, seeing as how matters are so near being brought to an end betwixt us; but she and I may keep company all as one; and I find *Madge* has been speaking with *Gaffer Broadwheels*, the waggoner,

waggoner, about her carriage up to London; so that I have got rid of she, and I am sure I have reason to be main g'ad of it, for she led me a wearisome life—But that's the way of them all.

A I R XXXVI.

*A plague of those wenches they make such a tother,
When once they have let'n a man have his will,
They're always a-whining for something or other,
And cry he's unkind in his carriage;
What tho' he speaks th m ne'er so fairly,
Still they keep teasing, teasing on:*

*You cannot p rsuade 'em,
'Till promise you've made 'em;
And after they've got it,
They'll tell you--addrot it——*

Their characters blasted, they're ruin'd, undone:

And then to be sure, Sir,

There is but one cure, Sir,

And all t'e discourse is of marriage.

SCENE, A Greenhouse. Enter Young Meadows.

Y. Mead. I am glad I had the p ecaution to bring this suit of cloaths in my bundle, though I hardly know myself in them again, they appear so strange, and set so unwieldly. However, my gardener's jacket goes on no more.—I wonder this girl does not come [*looking at his watch*] perhaps she won't come—Why then I'll go into the village, take a post chaise, and depart without any farther ceremony.

A I R XXXVII.

*How much superi r beauty awr's,
The coldest b'soms find;
But with resistless force it draws,
To sense and sweetness join'd:
The cask t, where to outward show,
The workman's art is seen,
Is doubly valu'd, when we know
It holds a gem within.*

Hark! she comes.

Enter Sir William Meadows and Hawthorn.

Y. Mead. Confusion! my father? What can this mean.

Sir

Sir Will. Tom, are not you a sad boy, *Tom*, to bring me a hundred and forty miles here—May I never do an ill turn, but you deserve to have your head broke; and I have a good mind, partly—What, firrah, don't you think it worth your while to speak to me?

Y. Mead. Forgive me, Sir; I own I have been in a fault.

Sir Will. In a fault! to run away from me because I was going to do you good—May I never do an ill turn. Master *Hawthorn*, if I did not pick out as fine a girl for him, partly, as any in *England*; and the rascal run away from me, and came here and turned gardener. And pray what did you propose to yourself, *Tom*? I know you were always fond of Botany, as they call it; did you intend to keep the trade going, and advertise fruit trees and flowering shrubs, to be had at *Meadow's Nursery*?

Hawth. No, Sir *William*, I apprehend the young gentleman designed to lay by the profession, for he has quitted the habit already.

Y. Mead. I am so astonished to see you here, Sir, that I don't know what to say; but I assure you, if you had not come, I should have returned home to you directly. Pray, Sir, how did you find me out?

Sir Will. No matter, *Tom*, no matter; it was partly by accident, as a body may say; but what does that signify—tell me, boy, how stands your stomach towards matrimony; do you think you could digest a wife now?

Y. Mead. Pray, Sir, don't mention it: I shall always behave myself as a dutiful son ought; I will never marry without your consent, and I hope you won't force me to do it against my own.

Sir Will. Is not this mighty provoking, Master *Hawthorn*? Why, firrah, did you ever see the lady I designed for you?

Y. Mead. Sir, I don't doubt the lady's merit; but at present, I am not disposed——

Hawth. Nay, but young gentleman, fair and softly, you should pay some respect to your father in this matter.

Sir Will. Respect, Master *Hawthorn*! I tell you he shall marry her, or I'll disinherite him! There's once. Look you, *Tom*, not to make any more words of the matter I have brought the lady here with me, and I'll

see you contracted before we part; or you shall delve and plant cucumbers as long as you live.

Y. Mead. Have you brought the lady here, Sir? I am sorry for it.

Sir Will. Why sorry? What then you won't marry her? We'll see that! Pray, Master *Hawthorn*, conduct the fair one in.—Ay, Sir, you may fret, and dance about, trot at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, if you please, but marry whip me, I am resolved.

Sir William Meadows, Hawthorn, Young Meadows, Rossetta.

Hawth. Here is the lady, *Sir William*.

Sir Will. Come in, madam; but turn your face from him—he would not marry you because he had not seen you: but I'll let him know my choice shall be his, and he shall consent to marry you before he sees you, or not an acre of estate.—Pray, Sir, walk this way.

Y. Mead. Sir, I cannot help thinking your conduct a little extraordinary; but, since you urge me so closely, I must tell you my affections are engaged.

Sir Will. How, *Tom*, how!

Y. Mead. I was determined, Sir, to have got the better of my inclination, and never have done a thing which I knew would be disagreeable to you.

Sir Will. And pray, Sir, who are your affections engaged to? I let me know that.

Y. Mead. To a person, Sir, whose rank and fortune may be no recommendations to her; but whose charms and accomplishments entitle her to a monarch. I am sorry, Sir, it's impossible for me to comply with your commands, and I hope you will not be offended if I quit your presence.

Sir Will. Not I, not I in the least; go about your business.

Y. Mead. Sir, I obey.

A I R XXXVIII.

Ref. When we see a lover languish,
And his truth and honour prove,
Ah! how sweet to heal his anguish,
And repay him love for love.

Sir

LOVE IN A VILLAGE. 51

Sir Will. Well, *Tom*, will you go away from me now?

Hawth. Perhaps, *Sir William*, your son does not like the lady, and if so, pray don't put a force upon his inclination.

Y. Mead. You need not have taken this method. *Sir*, to let me see you were acquainted with my folly, whatever my inclinations are.

Sir Will. Well, but *Tom*, suppose I give my consent to your marrying this young woman?

Y. Mead. Your consent, *Sir*!

Ros. Come, *Sir William*, we have carried the jest far enough. I see your son is in a kind of embarrassment, and I don't wonder at it: but this letter which I received from him a few days before I left my father's house, will, I apprehend, expound the riddle. He cannot be surpris'd that I ran away from a gentleman who express'd so much dislike to me; and what has happened since chance has brought us together in masquerade, there is no occasion for me to inform him of.

Y. Mead. What is all this? Pray don't make game of me.

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, *Tom*, if it is not truth; this is my friend's daughter.

Y. Mead. *Sir*!

Ros. Even so; 'tis very true indeed. In short, you have not been a more whimsical gentleman than I have a gentlewoman; but you see we are designed for one another 'tis plain.

Y. Mead. I know not, madam, what I either hear or see; a thousand things are crowding on my imagination; whilst, like one just awakened from a dream, I doubt which is reality, which is delusion.

Sir Will. Well then, *Tom*, come into the air a-bit, and recover yourself.

Y. Mead. Nay, dear *Sir*, have a little patience; do you give her to me?

Sir Will. Give her to you! ay, that I do, and my blessing into the bargain.

Y. Mead. Then, *Sir*, I am the happiest man in the world; I enquire no farther; here I fix the utmost limits of my hopes and happiness.

A I R XXXIX.

- Y. Mead. *All I wish in her obtaining,
Fortune can no more impart;*
Ros. *Let my eyes, my thoughts explaining,
Speak the feelings of my heart.*
Y. Mead. *Joy and pleasure never ceasing,*
Ros. *Love with length of years increasing.*
Together. *Thus my heart and hand surrender,
Here my faith and truth I plight,
Constant still, and kind, and tender,
May our flames burn ever bright.*

Hawth. Give you joy, Sir; and you fair lady: And, under favour, I'll salute you too, if there's no fear of jealousy.

Y. Mead. And may I believe this?—Pr'thee tell me, dear *Rosetta*.

Ros. Step into the house and I'll tell you every thing. I must intreat the good offices of Sir *William* and Mr. *Hawthorn*, immediately, for I am in the utmost uneasiness about my poor friend *Lucinda*.

Hawth. Why, what's the matter?

Ros. I don't know, but I have reason to fear, I left her just now in very disagreeable circumstances; however I hope, if there's any mischief fallen out between her father and her lover——

Hawth. The music-master! I thought so.

Sir *Will.* What, is there a lover in the case? May I never do an ill turn, but I am glad, so I am; for we'll make a double wedding; and, by way of celebrating it take a trip to *London*, to shew the brides some of the pleasures of the town. And, Master *Hawthorn*, you shall be of the party.—Come, children, go before us.

Hawth. Thank you, Sir *William*; I'll go into the house with you, and to church to see the young folks married; but as to *London*, I beg to be excused.

A I R XL.

*If ever I'm catch'd in these regions of smoke,
That seat of confusion and noise,
May I ne'er know the sweets of a slum'ber unbroke,
Nor the pleasure the country enjoys,*

Nay

*Nay more, let them take me, to punish my sin,
Where, gaping, the Cockneys they fleece,
Clap me up with their monsters, cry, Master, walk in,
And shew me for two pence a-piece.*

SCENE, *Justice Woodcock's Hall. Enter Justice Woodcock, Mrs. Deborah Woodcock, Lucinda, Eustace, Hodge.*

Mrs. Deb. Why, brother, do you think I can hear, or see, and make use of my senses? I tell you I left that fellow locked up in her closet; and, while I have been with you, they have broke open the door, and got him out again.

J. Woodc. Well, you hear what they say.

Mrs. D. b. I care not what they say: it's you encourage them in their impudence—Hark'e, huffey, will you face me down that I did not lock that fellow up?

Luc. Really, aunt, I don't know what you mean; when you talk intelligibly, I'll answer you

Euf. Seriously, Madam, this is carrying the jest a little too far.

Mrs. Deb. What then, I did not catch you together in her chamber, nor over-hear your design of going off to night, nor find the bundles packed up.

Euf. Ha, ha, ha.

Luc. Why aunt you rave.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, as I am a Christian woman, she confessed the whole affair to me from first to last; and in this very place was down upon her marrow-bones for half an hour together to beg I would conceal it from you.

Hodge. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Mrs. Deb. What, sirrah, would you brazen me too! Take that. [*Boxes him.*]

Hodge. I wish you would keep your hands to yourself; you strike me, because you have been telling his worship stories.

J. Woodc. Why, sister, you are tipsey!

Mrs. Deb. I tipsey, brother!—I that never touch a drop of any thing strong from year's end to year's end: but now and then a little anniseed water, when I have got the cholic.

Luc. Well, aunt, you have been complaining of the
Stomach-

Stomach-ach all day ; and may have taken too powerful a dose of your cordial.

J. Woodc. Come, come, I see well enough how it is ; this is a lie of her own invention, to make herself appear wise ; but, you simpleton, did not you know I must find you out ?

Enter Sir William Meadows, Hawthorn, Rossetta, and Young Meadows.

Y. Mead. Bless me, Sir ! look who is yonder.

Sir Will. Cockbones, Jack, honest Jack, are you there ?

Euf. Plague on't, this rencounter is unlucky—Sir William, your servant.

Sir Will. Your servant again, and again, heartily your servant ; may I never do an ill turn, but I am glad to meet you.

J. Woodc. Pray, Sir William, are you acquainted with this person ?

Sir Will. What, with Jack Eustace ! why, he's my kinsman ; his mother and I was cousin Germans once removed, and Jack's a very worthy young fellow ; may I never do an ill turn if I tell you a word of a lie.

J. Woodc. Well, but Sir William, let me tell you, you know nothing of the matter ; this man is a music-master ; a thrummer of wile, and a scraper of cat-gut, and teaches my daughter to sing.

Sir Will. What Jack Eustace a music-master ! no, no, I know him better.

Euf. 'Sdeath, why should I attempt to carry on this absurd farce any longer ?—What that gentleman tells you is very true, Sir ; I am no music-master indeed.

J. Woodc. You are not, you own it then ?

Euf. Nay, more Sir, I am as this lady has represented me [*pointing to Mrs. Deborah*], your daughter's lover ; whom, with her own consent, I did intend to have carried off this night ; but now that Sir William Meadows is here, to tell you who, and what I am ; I throw myself upon your generosity, from which I expect greater advantages than I could reap from any imposition on your unsuspecting nature.

Mrs. Deb. Well brother, what have you to say for yourself

yourself now? You have made a precious day's work of it! Had my advice been taken; Oh I am ashamed of you, but you are a weak man, and it can't be helped; however, you should let wiser heads direct you.

Luc. Dear papa pardon me.

Sir Will. Ay, do, Sir, forgive her; my cousin Jack will make her a good husband, I'll answer for it.

Ros. Stand out of the way, and let me speak two or three words to his worship.—Come, my dear Sir, tho' you refuse all the world, I am sure you can deny me nothing; love is a venial fault.—You know what I mean.—Be reconciled to your daughter, I conjure you, by the memory of our past affections. What, not a word!

A I R LXI.

Go, naughty man, I can't abide you;

Have then your vows so soon forgot?

Ah! now I see if had try'd you,

What would have been my hopeful lot.

But here I charge you—Make them happy;

Bless the fond pair, and crown their bliss;

Come be a good na'ur'd papty,

And I'll reward you with a kiss

Mrs. Deb. Come, turn out of the house, and be thankful my brother does not hang you, for he could do it, he's a justice of peace:—turn out of the house, I say:—

J. Woodc. Who gave you authority to turn him out of the house—he shall stay where he is.

Mrs. Deb. He shan't marry my niece.

J. Woodc. Shan't he? but I'll shew you the difference now, I say, he shall marry her, and what will you do about it?

Mrs. Deb. And you will give him your estate too, will you?

J. Woodc. Yes, I will.

Mrs. Deb. Why I am sure he's a vagabond.

J. Woodc. I like him the better, I would have him a vagabond.

Mrs. Deb. Brother, brother!

Harwih. Come, come, Madam, all's very well, and I see my neighbour is what I always thought him, a man of sense and prudence.

Sir

Sir Will. May I never do an ill turn, but I say so too.

J. Woodc. Here, young fellow, take my daughter, and bleis you both together; but hark you, no money till I die; observe that.

Eus. Sir, in giving me your daughter, you bestow upon me more than the who'e world would be without her.

Ros. Dear *Lucinda*, if words could convey the transports of my heart upon this occasion——

Luc. Words are the tools of hypocrites, the pretenders to friendship; only let us resolve to preserve our esteem for each other.

T. Mead. Dear *Jack*, I little t'ought we should ever meet in such odd circumstances—but here has been the strangest business between this lady and me——

Hodge. What then, *Mrs. Rossetta*, are you turned false-hearted after all; will you marry *Thomas* the gardner; and did I forsake *Madge* for this?

Ros. O lord! *Hodge*, I beg your pardon! I protest I forgot? but I must reconcile you and *Madge*, I think, and give you a wedding dinner to make you amends.

Hodge. N—ah.

Hawth. Adds me, Sir, here are some of your neighbours come to visit you, and, I suppose, to make up the company of your statute-ball; yonder's music too, I see; shall we enjoy ourselves? If so, give me your hand.

J. Woodc. Why, here's my hand, and we will enjoy ourselves; Heaven bleis you both, child.en, I say—*Sister Deborah*, you are a fool.

Mrs. Deb. You are a fool, brother; and mark my words—But I'll give myself no more trouble about you.

Hawth. Fiddlers, strike up.

A I R XXII.

Hence, with cares, complaints, and frowning,

Welcome jollity and joy;

Ev'ry grief in pleasure drowning.

Mirth this happy night employ:

Let's to friendship do our duty,

Laugh and sing some good old strain;

Drink a health to love and beauty—

May they long in triumph reign.

F I N I S.

